



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).



Long have the billows beat thee, long the  
 flood  
 Rush'd o'er thy pillar'd rocks, ere life a-  
 dorn'd  
 Thy broken surface, ere the yellow moss,  
 Had tinted thee, or the soft dew of  
 Heaven  
 Crown'd thee with verdure, or the eagles  
 made  
 Thy caves then any——  
 So in after time  
 Long shalt thou rest unalter'd 'midst' the  
 wreck  
 Of all the mightiness of human works.  
 For not the lightning, nor the whirlwind's  
 force,  
 Nor all the waves of ocean shall prevail  
 Against thy giant strength, and thou  
 shalt stand  
 'Till that almighty voice which bade thee  
 rise  
 Shall bid thee fall.

#### TO PLEISKIN ;

THE billows break around thee, and thy  
 tints  
 Enrich the bosom of the Ocean-wave ;  
 Wild is thy broken outline, where the  
 curve  
 Of varied beauty, and the abrupt sublime,  
 Impress a mingled feeling. The wild storm  
 That whitens thy foundations, troubles not  
 Even with its lightest spray, its top-most  
 crag,  
 Such is thy loveliness, thy Giant form  
 Supreme ; thy majesty ; yet still enhanc'd  
 By wondrous semblances, closely allied  
 To perfect art ; displaying such design  
 As kindled in the great creative mind  
 Of him whose genius warm in life and  
 power,  
 From all the elements that nature gave,  
 Of grand or lovely, with the nicest skill  
 Selective, those that blend in harmony,  
 And raised as if by the magician's art,  
 The gothic pile, magnificent and chaste  
 In any lightness, yet unrival'd strength,  
 Beauteous in parts, majestic as a whole.  
 Pleskin ! the fancy awakens as the sense  
 Glows at thy noble features, and the mind  
 Is carried back to those remote times,  
 When superstition imaged in his power  
 \*The Danish King, with more than mortal  
 strength,

\* The author is mistaken in calling the person, to whom this fabled exploit is attributed, *the Danish King*. The pretensions of the renowned Fingal to this honour are undisputed in Ireland, every peasant, there, knowing that the giant Fin MacCulhal, or MacCool (the common name of Fingal) erected the stupendous fabric here alluded to, and that Fin MacCool was an Irish giant, we hope the author will not deny, or at least that he will not be so imprudent as to dispute the fact with the peasants afore said.

With more than mortal attributes endow-  
 ed ;  
 Whose mighty feet, dashed back the  
 foamy sea,  
 Whose mighty arm uprear'd the pillar'd  
 rocks,  
 And fixed the everlasting boundary  
 Of Sam's lovely Isle.

#### ODE TO IDLENESS.

GODDESS of Ease, leave Lethe's brink,  
 Obsequious to the Muse and me,  
 For once endure the pain to think,  
 Oh sweet insensibility !  
 Sister of Ease and Indolence,  
 Thou Muse, bring numbers soft and slow,  
 Elaborately void of sense,  
 And sweetly thoughtless let them flow.  
 Beneath some ozier's dusky shade,  
 There let me sleep away dull hours,  
 And underneath let Flora spread,  
 A sofa of her sweetest flowers.  
 Whilst Philomel her notes shall breathe  
 Forth from the neighbouring pine,  
 And murmurs from the stream beneath  
 Shall flow in unison with thine.  
 For thee, O Idleness, the woes  
 Of life we patiently endure,  
 Thou art the source whence labour flows,  
 We shun thee, but to make thee sure.  
 For who'd endure War's storm and blast,  
 Or the hoarse thundering of the sea,  
 But to be idle at the last,  
 And find a pleasing end in thee. A.

#### AN ELEGY.

IN these fair climes where summer's gen-  
 tle gales,  
 Shake sweetest odours from their dewy  
 plumes,  
 Silent I ramble thro' the lonely vales  
 When pensive evening brings her twilight  
 glooms.  
 Where'er I turn, I gaze with mute sur-  
 prise,  
 Here careless nature sports in every part,  
 Unzones her beauties to admiring eyes,  
 And with new transport thrills th' insatiate  
 heart.  
 Here silver streamlets glitter thro' the  
 grove,  
 And softly murmur as they pour along ;  
 From tree to tree the feathered songsters  
 rove,  
 And the sweet woodlark thrills her eve-  
 ning song.